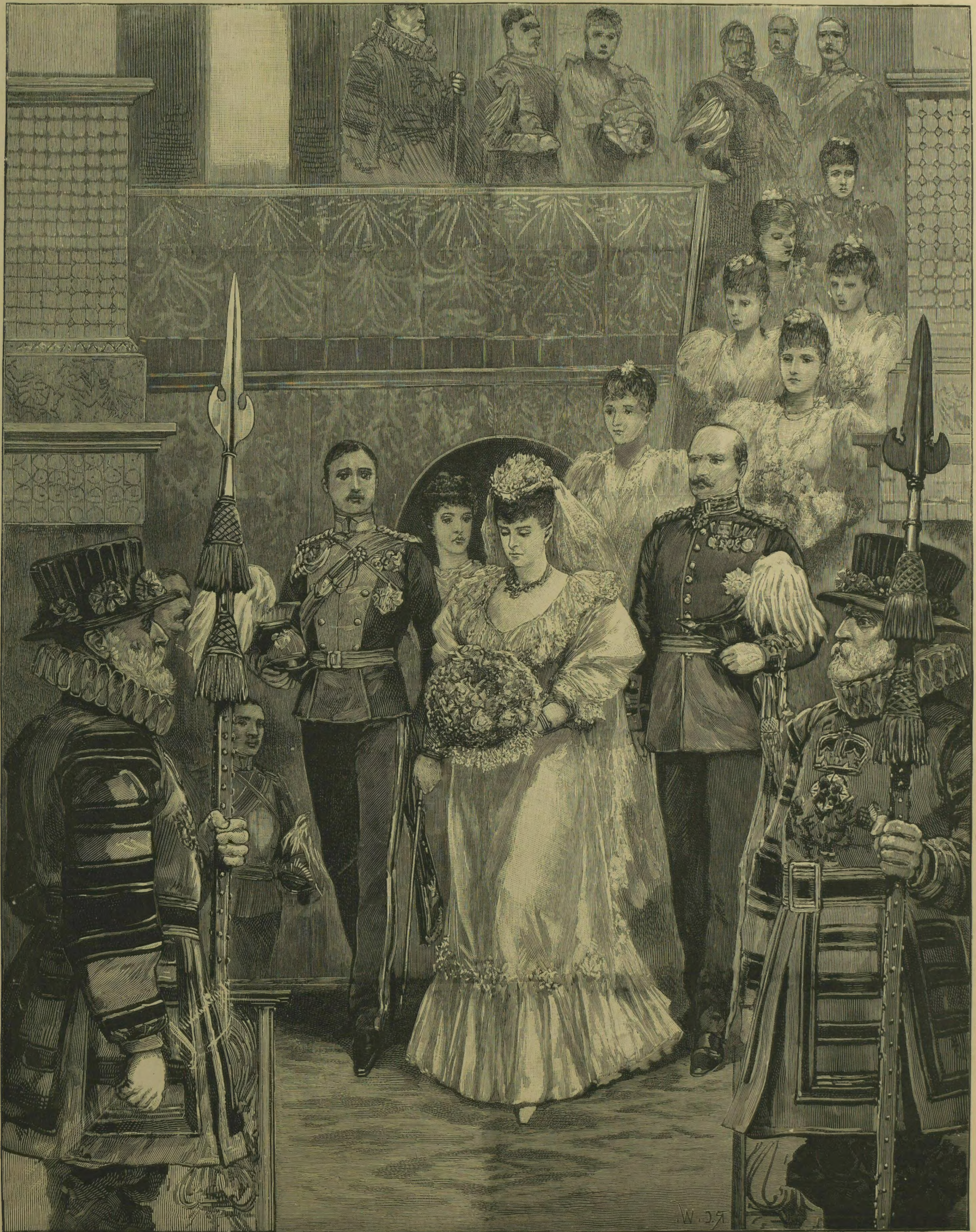


# THE ROYAL WEDDING

T. SULLMAN. del.



THE BRIDE'S PROCESSION IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

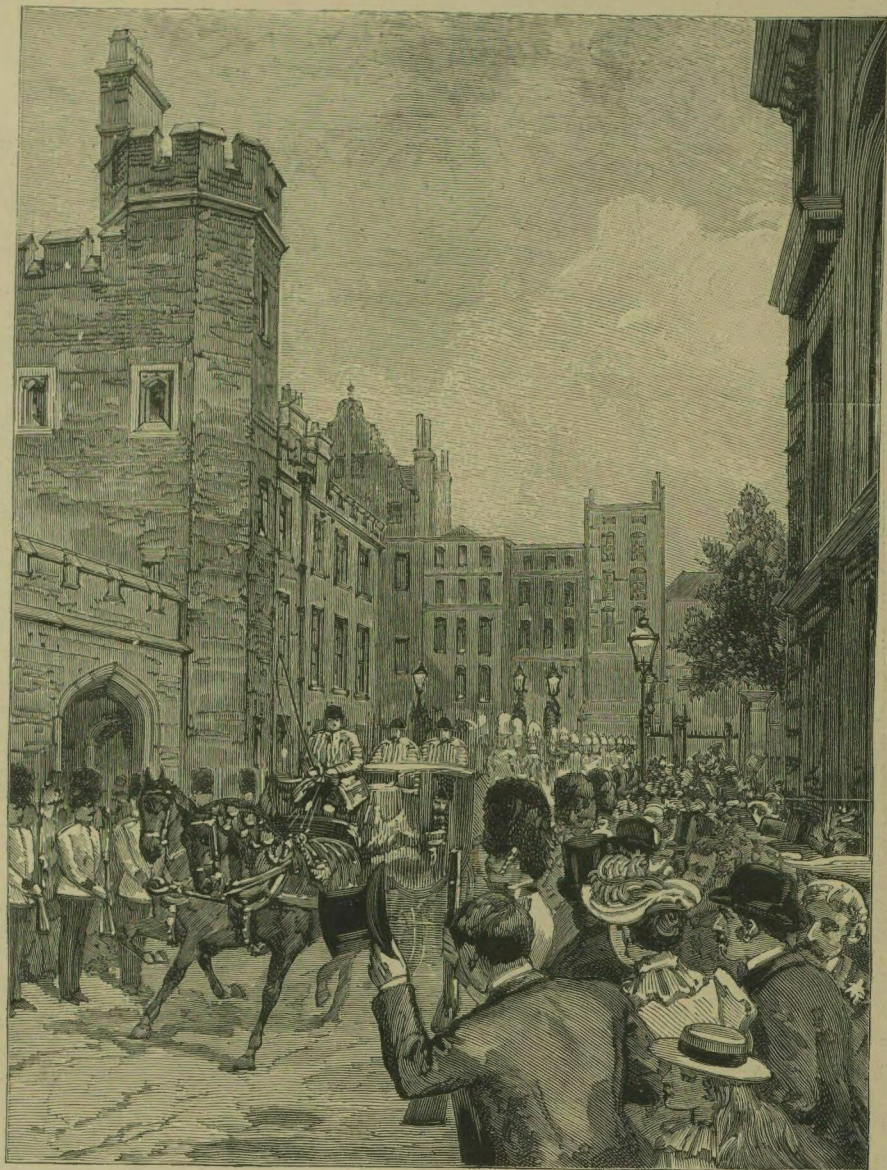


## THE ROYAL WEDDING.

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**I**F a scene of national enthusiasm and national joy such as was witnessed on Thursday, July 6, in London has no rival in English history, it is because there has hardly been an occasion so full of deep moment to us as a people, or one more abounding in national import. The marriage, as we know, was the marriage of an English Prince, but, more than this, it was the marriage of one in whose veins flows the blood of kings who have set their seal upon history, of one whose ancestry takes us back over long years to the dawn of our greatness and our freedom, through whom we look upon Alfred and the Conqueror, upon the victor of Cressy and the hero of Agincourt, upon the Stuarts in their greater and more supreme moments. And not only in this magnificent rôle, this most glorious pride of ancestry, this superb dignity of tradition, did the Prince whose marriage was honoured and sung throughout the three Kingdoms and throughout our Empire on Thursday appeal to us, but again in himself—in his love of all things which we love—in his bright, happy boyhood, in his manly years of earnest work, in his devotion to the sea, in his uprightness, his fearlessness, his firmness, his manhood—as such England gave the greeting, was stirred to her depths when the great hope was realised, and the Prince led to the altar his cousin, Princess Victoria Mary, the daughter of the beloved Duchess of Teck, and the flower of our royal girlhood.

There had been fears of rain on the Wednesday night, but Thursday morning was gloriously fine. It was Queen's weather at its best, a day to remember for its own sake, as one remembers the day of the Jubilee. Almost with the dawn the mighty crowds whose units came literally from the North and the South, the East and the West began to pour towards the centre of all things, St. James's and Pall Mall, to make black the roadways and to throng upon the house-tops. As the hours went on, locomotion in any part of the West-End became very difficult. The scenes at the Albert Gate, at the bottom of Pall Mall, before Buckingham Palace, were amazing:—one black, swaying, struggling mass of people, fighting for sheer foothold, availing themselves of every point, every vantage ground—a crowd gay, good-humoured, abounding above all things in unparalleled enthusiasm. And as the hours went on, and the troops began to mass, giving additional colour to that which prevailed already everywhere, and there was music from many bands, the blare of trumpets, and the rise and fall of resounding cheering, even the lethargic and



ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF YORK AT MARLBOROUGH GATE.



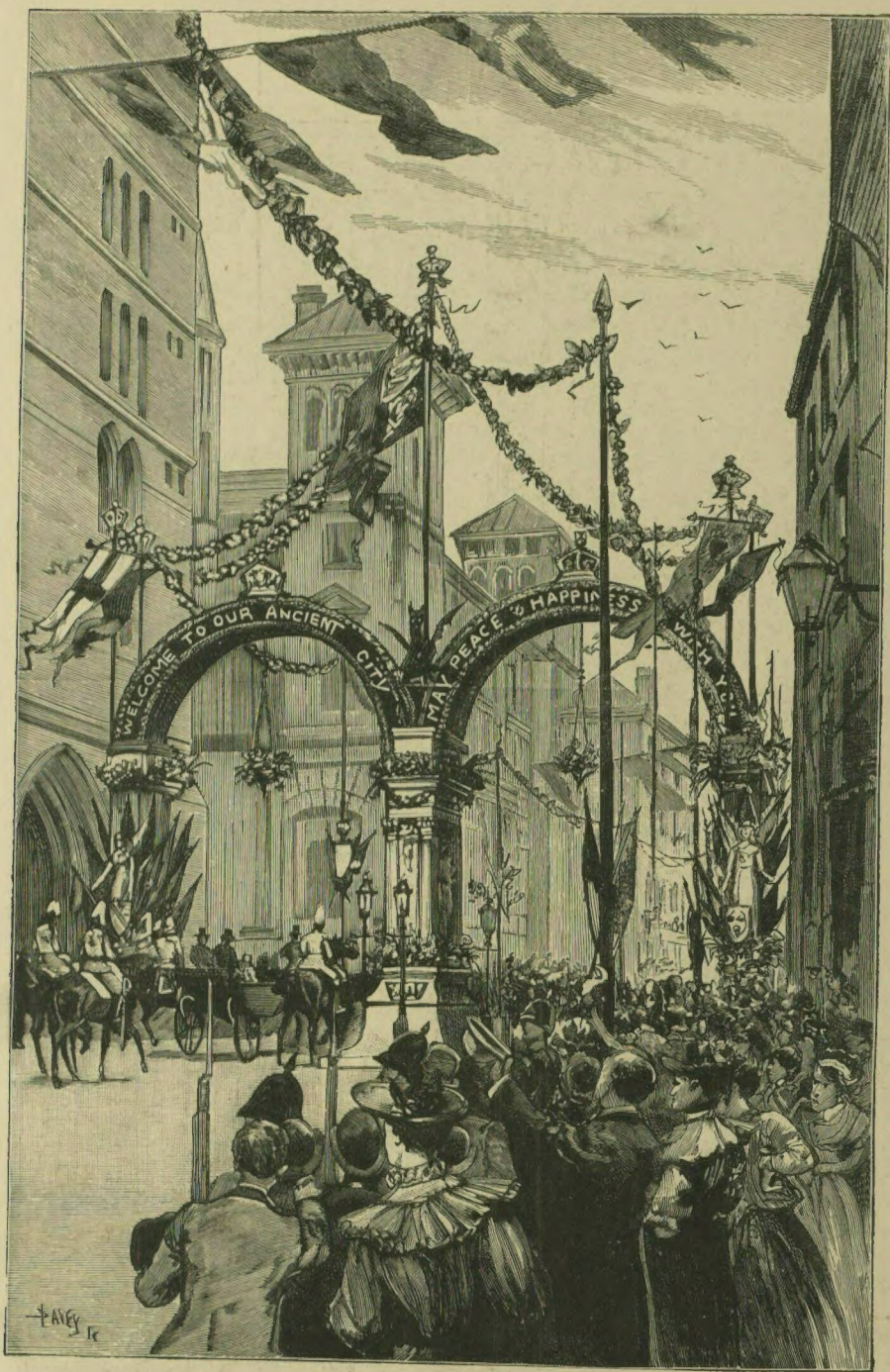
ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.





THE BRIDESMAIDS WAITING FOR THE BRIDE.





THE BRIDAL PAIR PASSING THROUGH TEMPLE BAR.

satiated sightseer admitted that London had never beheld a spectacle so rich, or one so worthy of her and the English people.

It was about half-past ten when the guests invited to the Chapel began to assemble. These arrived at the Ambassadors' Court of St. James's Palace, and were at once conducted to their seats by the Gentlemen-Ushers. Mr. Gladstone, who was early to arrive, wore naval epaulettes on his blue and gold uniform, as one of the Trinity Brethren. The Lord Chancellor was in the royal pew reserved for him, and so also were a few of the more distinguished guests. The First Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretaries of State, the Corps Diplomatique, the Cabinet Ministers, the Speaker, Lord Salisbury, all in full dress, with many social celebrities and men in *Levée* dress of the Navy pattern, and, above all, the many ladies in toilets of surpassing beauty, soon made the spectacle such a one as never will be forgotten. Anon, the strains of the bands in the Throne Room, without the Chapel, were heard playing the moving march from "Tamhåuser," there was a blare of trumpets, and the first of the royal processions arrived. A few minutes later there was a tremendous wave of cheering coming across the park from Buckingham Palace, the strains of the "Duke of York's March" were heard from the Guards' band, and the bridegroom's procession reached the Palace. It consisted of three carriages, the first two containing the members of the household, and the third his Royal Highness Prince George, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh. When the Prince entered the chapel, in his Commander's uniform, looking a little pale, but with that firm, upright walk and bright face which ever characterise him, the tornado of cheering swept onward again in the streets outside, and culminated in a mighty resounding roar as the bride's procession reached St. James's. The sweet Princess upon whom ten thousand eyes had already been turned in admiration, more charming than ever in her superb dress of white and silver brocade, pale but fairer yet in her paleness, entered the palace to the clash of martial music, the echo of the trumpet's blast, and that superb thunder of voices which can never have been paralleled in all the history of enthusiasm.

Her Gracious Majesty the Queen left Buckingham Palace in a procession which consisted of four carriages. Her Majesty's carriage was drawn by six of the famous "cream" ponies, gorgeous in gold trappings. There were grooms in the royal liveries at the head of the ponies, and on the box of the great gold carriage, used on semi-state occasions, sat the coachman, in the magnificent gold and scarlet coat which recent pageants have accustomed us to. There were the usual gillies at the back of the Queen's coach, in which the Duchess of Teck had a seat with her Majesty; and it is needless to say that the same spontaneous earnest enthusiasm which had greeted the bride and bridegroom, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other

members of the royal family was, if anything, more pronounced when this last procession left the Palace, and our Gracious Sovereign bowed her acknowledgments of the enthusiasm which prevailed everywhere along the route.

The Chapel Royal, St. James's, is not a large edifice, but under such conditions as it was seen on July 6 it looked extremely picturesque. The seats had been draped in crimson cloth, the altar had been removed to allow the processions to pass, there was a great white and gold armchair for her Majesty, and an altar-table, upon which the magnificent Communion plate was massed, erected especially for the service. The ceremony itself was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose fire and stately elocution and dignified bearing gave grace to the ever-imposing and impressive ceremony of the English Church. His address to the Duke and Duchess was full of high thought, exceedingly suitable, and very sweet to hear. It was followed by a closing prayer, and then as the guns in the park thundered out the salutes, and the first grand chords of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" crashed on the organ, the cry which was the nation's congratulation burst again from the throngs outside, and in the tumultuous roar of voices the glad message was borne to the distant palace and the far-away suburb.

The Duke and Duchess of York returned to Buckingham Palace under escort of the Guards, and instantly all the brilliancy which had been centred in St. James's spread over the streets, which glittered with a thousand hues, or shone yet more resplendently with the gold and the scarlet and the blue upon which the glorious sunshine fell with all the fullness of its burning power. It was late in the afternoon when, after the wedding breakfast in the State Dining-Room at Buckingham Palace, the Duke and Duchess set out on their way to the station to make a progress which was royal in every sense of the word. Escorted by a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards, they passed under the canopy of banners greeting them, of flags speaking welcome, of flowers wreathed from mast to mast. Through the Strand and Fleet Street, through the heart of the City, whose streets blazed with splendour and with bunting, and so to Liverpool Street, where they left this ever-memorable demonstration of rejoicing and of affection.

The illumination of the City began very early in the evening. Hardly had the twilight fallen when, as at a magic touch, London put on a garb of light, and in ten thousand places showed her illuminated portraits, her gigantic gas-flares, her ropes of lanterns and mottoes in fire. All traffic had been stopped at eight o'clock, so that the people walked freely in the roadways, and formed a great moving throng extended in an unbroken battalion from the heart of the City to the boundaries of the suburbs. Such a display was a fitting end to an unsurpassable day—a day of triumph and a day of gladness; and we may rest assured that none in that tremendous crowd was not ready to echo the one sentiment which seemed written in letters of fire throughout the City—"God bless the Duke and Duchess of York!"



THE BRIDAL PROCESSION PASSING UP LUDGATE HILL.





THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION TO THE CHAPEL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.





THE BRIDEGROOM'S PROCESSION TO THE CHAPEL.

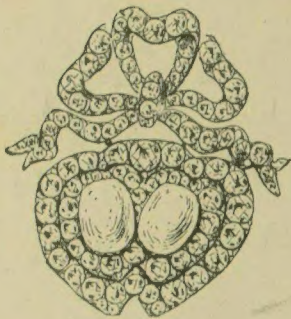




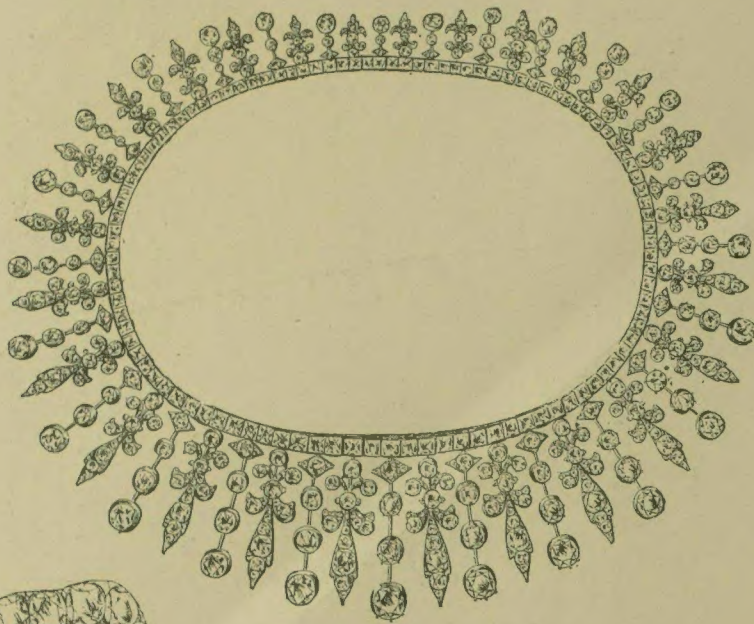
THE WEDDING BREAKFAST AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE ROYAL TABLE.



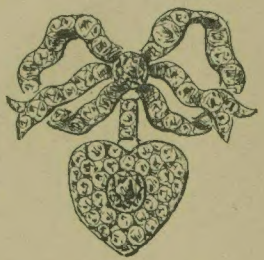
THE ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS.



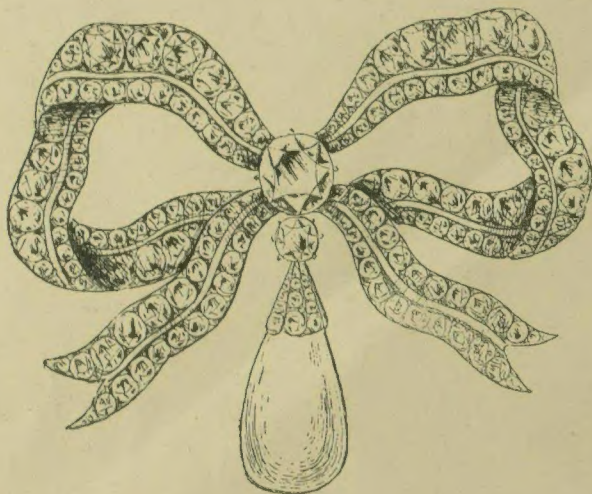
THE DUKE OF YORK.



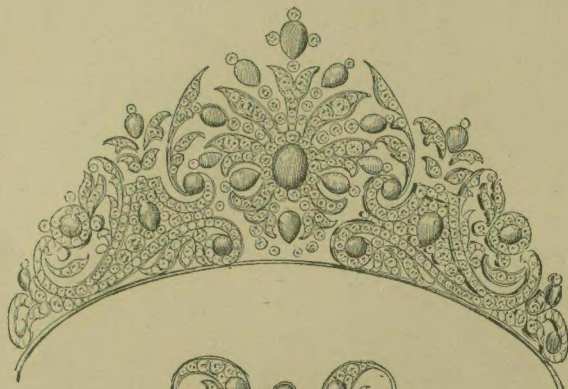
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.



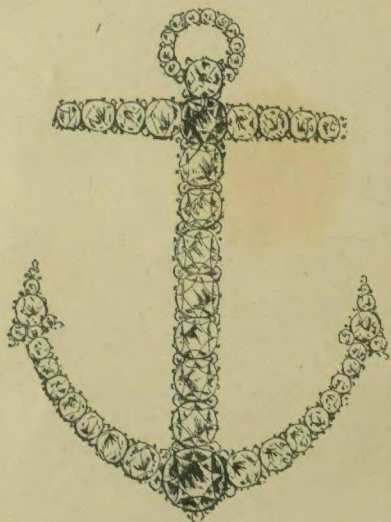
THE DUKE OF YORK.



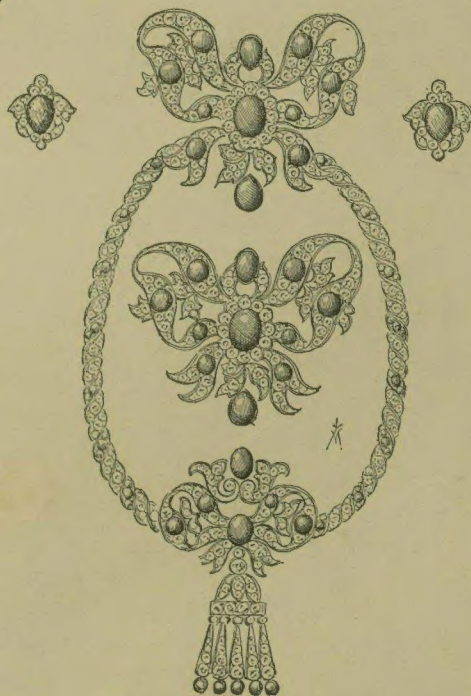
THE INHABITANTS OF KENSINGTON.



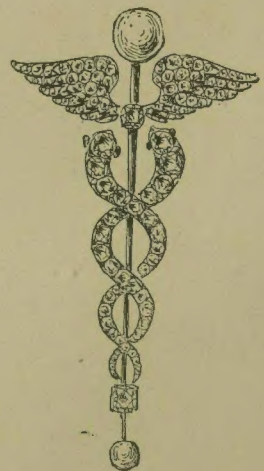
THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.



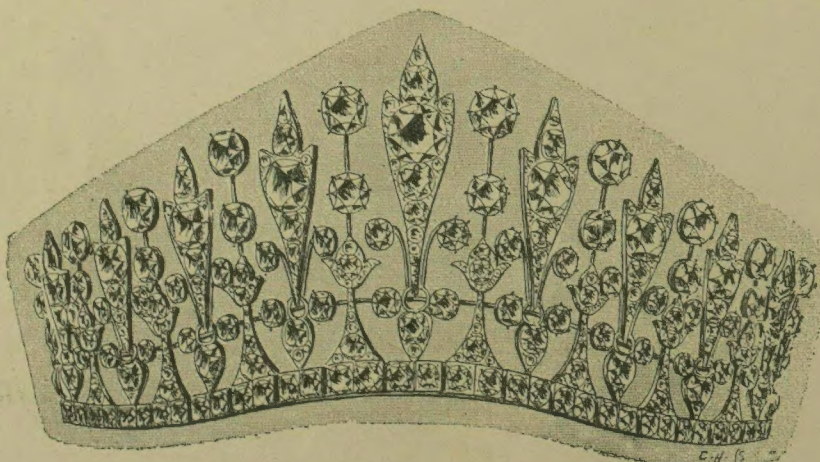
THE DUKE OF YORK.



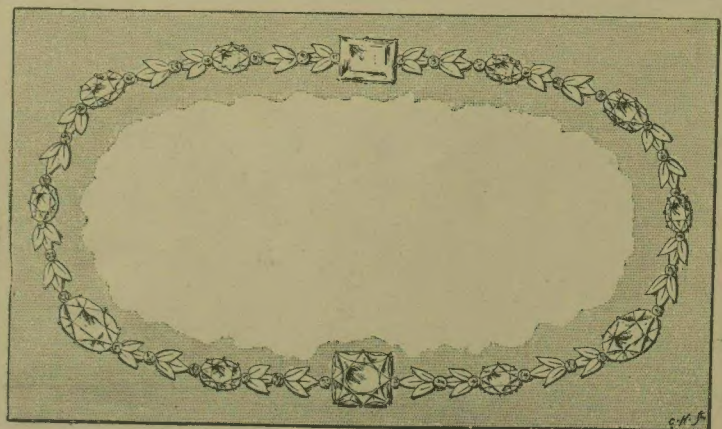
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.



THE COUNTY OF SURREY.



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.





THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK AND FAMILY.



THE ROYAL BRIDESMAIDS.



PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT.

PRINCESS ALICE OF BATTENBERG.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES.

PRINCESS VICTORIA PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF BATTENBERG.



THE ROYAL BRIDESMAIDS.



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF EDINBURGH.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF EDINBURGH.

PRINCESS BEATRICE OF EDINBURGH.



Wimbledon Common  
from White Lodge.



Princess Mary's  
Sitting Room.



A Shady Seat.

Princess Mary's Balcony.



White  
Lodge.



Holland Trincham



# THE CHILDHOOD OF PRINCESS MAY DUCHESS OF YORK.

GEORGE ELIOT has it that the happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history. The royal bride says of her own childhood that she was "very naughty, very happy, and very uninteresting." Her early years were spent between Kensington Palace and White Lodge. The change from the former to the latter was always a welcome one to Princess May and her brothers, since the life at Richmond was freer than that in town, and the opportunities for getting into mischief infinitely greater. No incidents of "great pith and moment" marked these early years of a life destined to become historical; none rose to the rank of tragic memories such as many a man and woman can recall of their childish days, when experience is very limited and, the mental horizon being bounded by bed-time, a trifling thing causes such anguish as to leave a mark lasting on into grown-up years, when the recollection brings a smile to the lips even while the heart goes back in pity to the old child-self. Princess May had sorrows, no doubt—no childhood is without them—but they have been so overbalanced by the joys of a natural, happy, healthful life, with dearly loved brother companions and a devoted father and mother, that not a trace remains. There is a difference of fifteen months between the ages of Princess May and Prince Adolphus of Teck, so that in childhood the brother and sister were good comrades, not often falling out, and speedily falling in again; for our little Princess had ever a disposition which rendered it keen suffering to be at cross purposes with those she loved. Prince Francis is eighteen months younger than Prince Adolphus, and Prince Alexander, who was the baby of the happy family of children, and alternately cherished and corrected by his august elders, as is the usual fate of the youngest, is four years and four months younger than Prince Francis. Princess May, whose love of children was inherent and has grown with her growth, was a kind of miniature mother to Prince Alexander, even though it is difficult to realise that situation now, seeing the six feet odd of fine young manhood looking proudly at his fair sister, who holds, with the utmost tact and dignity, the difficult situation of being the most interesting individual in the Queen's realms.

Princess May was a strong child, to whom the times of ordinary childish ailments but serve as recollections of being specially cared for and petted. Her old nurse, who was also her devoted slave—for the little Princess was in all things a very lovable child—has been dead some years, her death being one of the sorrows of Princess May's later life. Since early childhood, Madame Hélène Bricka, a charming French lady, has been most with Princess May, and is also the slave of this very popular

young Princess's great loveliness. Indeed, the way in which her Highness has attached those to her who have known her longest and best is true testimony to the beauty of her character and the charm of her disposition. There was nothing phenomenal about Princess May as a child: she was naughty, but only naturally, not phenomenally naughty, and even in her scrapes was always generously inclined and would have her fair share of blame, and even a little more than her fair share if it was to save someone weaker, younger, or in a subservient position. Princess May did not love lessons; in fact, she went further off the lines of the pattern good child, for she did not even like them. Let this, however, not lead little girls astray, and set them imagining that they can become everything that is delightful and still encourage a dislike for lessons, because Princess May *learnt* them, if she did not like them, and is now a very clever lady, whose lessons up to date are rapidly learnt, and who is as fond of books as once she was the reverse. The Duchess of Teck, although a devoted and indulgent mother, was insistent about education, and so our little Princess early mastered the first principles of how rightly to command in knowing how thoroughly to obey.

Princess May was fond of dolls, and, in common with children of specially tender disposition, clung to her old friends even when the wear and tear of doll life had begun to tell upon them, and their clothes and complexions contrasted unfavourably with the brand-new and most fashionable waxen ladies constantly given to the popular Duchess of Teck's only daughter. The new dollies had their fascinations for the beauty-loving child, and they were trotted out with much pride; but the old ones were the dearest friends, and had their little mother's confidence in all things. Princess May loved dogs always, and as a child had many canine companions, who joined in expeditions with her and her brothers, to the mutual pleasure of the children and the animals. No dog, even in the childish days, gained so completely her Serene Highness's affection as her present constant companion, "Cavil," a basset of great intelligence, and deeply devoted to his mistress, which she has had now for about six years. Princess May was, as girls brought up with boys usually are, a "tom-boy," and could join with perfect confidence in boyish expeditions which entailed jumping, climbing, and scrambling. Her Highness has, however, never had the least taste for masculine pursuits. Although she can ride, she is not an enthusiastic horsewoman—in fact, she does not greatly care for riding. She can drive, but prefers to be driven, very seldom caring to wield the ribbons herself.

As a child, Princess May loved the country, and in that she has never changed. Her love for birds



Photo by Downey.

PRINCESS MAY AND HER MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF TECK.





Photo by Downey.  
THE CHILDHOOD OF PRINCESS MAY:  
IN A GOAT-CHAISE.



Photo by Downey.  
THE CHILDHOOD OF PRINCESS MAY: THE PRINCESS WITH HER  
BROTHERS, PRINCE ADOLPHUS AND PRINCE FRANCIS.

is great; but she has never had the care of pet birds, and would have the pleasure of such pets spoiled for her in too great a degree by the sadness of the cage. She had no child friends except the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with whom Princess May and her brothers constantly played, and very merry were their games. Princess May was a very imaginative child, and her play was not confined to set games all done by rule and regulation. She played at real-life dramas, composed and stage-managed sometimes by herself and sometimes by one of her brothers, but always full of heroism and very emotional in style. As she did not care for set games in childhood, so she does not care now for croquet, tennis, golf, billiards, or any game energetic or skilful; indeed, her Serene Highness finds life full enough without being obliged to resort to games to get through it.

Princess May is now very like what her mother was at her age. There is an oil painting of Princess Mary Adelaide in Buckingham Palace which has a strong resemblance to her daughter as she looks to-day, allowance being made for the difference in costume

and hair-dressing. Princess May is fairer, possibly, than the Duchess of Teck was then, and certainly not so stout in figure as handsome Princess Mary was before her marriage with the Duke of Teck, whose good looks were and are undeniable. The three young Princes of Teck are very good-looking, too, and resemble both their father and mother, though Princess May does not look at all like the Duke of Teck. Prince Alexander is very dark, and yet his expression and the shape of his face are exactly like his mother's; Prince Adolphus is also dark, and is strangely like Princess May about the eyes, which are blue, but Prince Francis is the fairest of the three young men, and is really most like Princess May.

During the childhood of the young Princess, she saw much of the Princess of Wales, and her devotion for that sweet and gracious lady which began then has ripened into so deep and great a feeling that it comes second only to her Serene Highness's absorbing love for her own mother. All through her life, Princess May has been devoted to children, and children take to her quite naturally with that wonderful instinct of being appreciated and understood that is so unfailing and so correct.

Gardening was a pleasure to Princess May in her childhood. At White Lodge certain small gardens were portioned out to each of the four children, which were cared for and neglected by fits and starts as the manner of natural childhood is to till the earth. The impatience for seeds to come up once they were sown, the many consultations with the gardener as to adequate means of hurrying their appearance on the scene, the immense perseverance of weeds, the cruel callousness of slugs, and the difficulty of growing hot-house flowers out of doors, all linger with Princess May as among the perplexities and anxieties of juvenile gardening. Her Serene Highness loves flowers, and her favourite is the lily-of-the-valley, the meaning of which, according to the language of flowers, is Return of Happiness, and that happiness has now returned to Princess May for ever the Nation can but sincerely hope.



KENSINGTON PALACE. WHERE PRINCESS MAY WAS BORN, MAY 26, 1867.



# THE CHILDHOOD OF PRINCE GEORGE. DUKE OF YORK.

It has often been said by those who have written character sketches of his Royal Highness the Duke of York that from his earliest years he had a longing to go to sea. It is impossible to say by what precise associations this fascination—to which so many boys have succumbed—was begotten; but it has been attributed to the thrilling stories to which he listened when in the charge of the late Rev. W. Lake Onslow, sometime Rector of Sandringham, and naval instructor to the Duke of Edinburgh. This old-time parson, who as a *raconteur* seems to have been super-excellent, had steeped himself in the salt of sea romance when chaplain to the *Galatea*, and seems to have settled to his clerical work equipped with as many stories as James Bruce or De Tott. And, if he has not been belied, he told them with such effect to the young Prince, who was scarce out of the nursery, that the imagination of the lad was moved to the sure and lasting determination that he would be a sailor. To this idea he clung during his first decade of life, varying it, no doubt, in *prima pueritia* with other aspirations, even, as every boy does, with those to become an engine-driver, a guard, or perhaps a postman. Yet through all the earlier years the sea ruled supreme in his affections, and when he was not yet seven years old it was understood at Sandringham that he should be trained for the Navy, while his brother should find a sphere of work in the, to him, more acceptable service of the Army.

It was upon these fixed and definite ideas that the Prince of Wales modelled the education of his sons. Being determined that the late Duke of Clarence should finish his studies at the University after a long course of private tuition, he yet refrained from sending either of the Princes to a public school, holding to those traditions of private education which were the guiding rule in all the Prince Consort's economic schemes. As is well known, her Majesty the Queen, with that omnivorous love of hers for anything and everything connected with child-life, had herself taught her children in their earlier lessons, as she before had been taught by her beloved mother, the Duchess of Kent; and this example being imitated in the family of the Prince, it follows that the Princess herself watched over many of her sons' first efforts in the mysteries of pot-hooks and of monosyllables, and was constantly with them, both at Marlborough House and at Sandringham. Then the Rev. J. Dalton, now Canon Dalton, took up the work, and to his earnest and most able ministrations the Duke of York is ever ready to confess that he owes much of that conspicuous success in examinations which has characterised the whole of his naval career.

Canon Dalton's task really began in the autumn of 1871, when he was appointed tutor to the Princes, being subsequently made their governor

in the summer of 1877. He continued to hold that position until May of the year 1883, and during that time he took upon his most capable shoulders the whole responsibility for the education and well-being of his charges. Other instructors were employed from time to time, notably M. Mariette, Professor of French at King's College, London, and Professor Drew, who filled Prince George's head with more than a sufficiency of mathematics, while Mr. De la Motte was responsible for his proficiency as a draughtsman. So far as the pure technique of seamanship and navigation went, the Prince served under the naval instructors on board the various ships to which he was attached; but Mr. Lawless more particularly gave him mathematics on the *Britannia*, and followed him thence to the *Bacchante*. Later on he got French with M. Hua in Switzerland, where he resided six months, and showed an admirable ability as a linguist.

It is well to turn from these dry bones of particularisation to the Prince in his pleasures, and to find him possessed even from the first of that manly love of athletics and of all outdoor sport which has characterised him throughout life. Whatever he has done, says a critic, he has done thoroughly, if often impetuously and with superabundant energy.

As a young boy his performances on a wild pony at Sandringham made grooms shiver. They tell how to this day he delights in a wild, uncontrolled scamper through the park, how he rides with the traditional light-heartedness of the seaman, how a superb nerve characterises his pursuit of all sport. If he has developed no great fondness for cricket, it is rather for lack of opportunity than for want of a love of the national pastime. At tennis he has always played a strong game, and he early proved himself to be one of the best shots in the Royal Family. In his love of wild fun one might well say that he has no equal among his relations, and the anecdotes told of his youthful exploits would fill a book. Let one instance suffice to illustrate his love of joking, and his utter ignorance of fear even in the days of his infancy. It was the occasion of one of the visits which the lads often paid to her Majesty the Queen at Windsor. She has ever shown the greatest kindness to all her grandchildren, and there were no more welcome visitors to the Castle than the young Princes. On the day referred to, both Prince Albert Victor and Prince George were invited to join the royal luncheon party. They were very little lads then, but brimming over with the true spirit of mischief, and something in the magnificent dignity and fine control of a luncheon with the Queen overcame them. When the guests sat down to lunch, the boys were missing, and a long search failed to disclose their whereabouts. At last a stately footman, who nearly expired as he made the discovery, pompously pointed under the table,



Photo by Russell and Sons.

PRINCE GEORGE (DUKE OF YORK) AND PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES (DUCHESS OF FIFE).





PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

Photo by Downey.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND PRINCE GEORGE.

Photo by Downey.



PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES.

Photo by Russell.

wherefrom a horrified custodian dragged both lads, who had amused themselves in the intervals of waiting by divesting themselves of most of their clothes. The idea was Prince George's, of course, and through the twenty-eight years of his life it may be said that the same humorous imagination has again and again prompted its possessor to those practical jokes which have aged tutors and made responsible persons grey before their time.

Prince George entered the Navy on June 5, 1877, being then within two days of his attaining his twelfth year. He joined the *Britannia* at Dartmouth, being treated absolutely as all naval cadets are, and, needless to say, becoming very popular. Officers and men alike found in him a hearty sense of duty combined with a happy manliness indispensable to a seaman. Being shown no favour, he was subject to no restrictions. He began a member of all the athletic clubs, played cricket with great relish, was quick in making himself a sailor; and when he quitted the ship, two years later, and in the August of 1879 embarked with his brother for a nine months' cruise in the *Bacchante*, those of his old comrades who were allowed to follow him considered themselves lucky indeed. The details of this cruise—which was a pleasure cruise only in a limited sense—have been told by the Princes themselves, and their work has been admirably edited by Canon Dalton. It is enough to say here that Prince George and his brother were treated in all things as ordinary midshipmen. They took their meals in the gun-room with their messmates, they served their watches, and studied navigation. Their bed-room was simple to a degree, containing but two small bedsteads, two bookshelves, and their sea-chests. The *Bacchante* was a good old-fashioned cruiser of the *Inconstant* type, built of iron and cased with wood, but she had no armour-plates, and carried twelve four-and-a-half ton guns. Her captain was Lord Charles Scott, and she left Portsmouth on Aug. 17, 1879. From that time the life of the Prince was one most after his own heart. He may have cared little by comparison for the extraordinary cordial demonstrations which awaited him at Port Jackson, at Trinidad, at Madeira, or in the East; but there was the grit of the true seaman in him, and that ingraining of perfect courtesy which has ever marked his father's work. Alternating the days between hard work on board the *Bacchante*, garden parties, fêtes, receptions, cricket matches, hunts, the capture of strange beasts, and the excitement of new peoples, the Prince returned home more than ever determined to devote himself to the career which had such charm for him; and when he was nineteen years old they made a sub-lieutenant of him. He served in the *Canada* on the North American station, and then, when, in 1883, he was the senior midshipman in the service, he did duty with the *Thunderer*, the *Dreadnought*, the *Alexandra*, and the *Northumberland*, flag-ship of the Channel Squadron.





*Photo by Downey.*

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.



*Photo by Downey.*

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

Of his work as commander of the Thrush, of the admirable seamanship he there displayed, of his infinite tact as a commanding officer, of his unwearied patience and redoubtable bravery displayed on so many occasions, there is here no need to speak, for they are yet, and will remain throughout his life, in the memory of the people. It is sufficient to say of him that his career as an officer has been worthy the best

traditions of the Navy, which is proud of him ; that he has given to the sea the first-fruits of his large mental gifts as he has given to his brother officers and his men many proofs of the nobility of his disposition and the largeness of his heart. He has, above all, been strong ; and in the vigour, the uprightness, the happiness, and the earnestness of his boyish years the characteristics which have made him a man are read.



*Photo by Russell and Sons.*

THE PRINCESS OF WALES, PRINCE GEORGE, AND PRINCESSES LOUISE, VICTORIA, AND MAUD.



*Photo by Downey.*

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.



## THE BOYHOOD OF PRINCE GEORGE.

BY A PERSONAL FRIEND.

THE first twelve years of Prince George's life were spent very much amid a constant scene of change. When he and his elder brother were quite young they seem to have accompanied their parents to most places whither the Prince and Princess of Wales travelled, not only in this country but abroad as well. Five homes, however, appear to have shared the greater portion of their time in pretty regular succession. Sandringham in the winter; Marlborough House in the spring and London season; Osborne Cottage, Isle of Wight, in the early summer; Abergeldie Castle, in Scotland, or Bernstorff Schloss, near Copenhagen, in the autumn. At this last Prince George passed numerous happy autumns. It is well known that the simple country home life which the Princess of Wales, with her sisters, the present Empress of Russia and the Duchess of Cumberland, used so thoroughly to enjoy with her own parents in her childhood, was still as far as possible lived over again whenever the reunion of the families took place beneath the parental roof at this time of year. There, in the great beech woods that fringe the waters of the Sound at Charlottenlund, the grandparents, their married sons and daughters, and their young grandchildren were able to pass the greater portion of each day in Danish rustic fashion—riding, driving, and picnicking, and the children often both morning and afternoon bathing in the sea with their cousins. There it was that Prince George and the present Czarewitch laid the foundation of their intimate and permanent friendship. The two as little lads were fond of swimming races together, of bowling their hoops in keen rivalry, and, with boyish zest, of emulating each other in many a game of play. The Czarewitch's admiration for the English and thorough knowledge of the English language and literature date from those youthful days. From Denmark the family would return to England in time to be at Sandringham by the Prince of Wales's birthday at the beginning of November. There, too, their life was characterised by the same healthysimplicity. Prince George was always full of bright fun and frolic. It is said that frequently he was called in those days "a regular little pickle." The whole of the five children of the Prince and Princess of Wales were often after tea-time to be seen together in the Japanese bowling alley or in the Great Hall, as they are shown in Sant's and in Zichy's pictures, giving themselves up with thoroughly happy abandon to games and romps with such of the guests then staying in the house who cared to participate.

At all times their love and reverence for their father and mother were most marked and observable. In the daytime, if it was frosty, Prince George and his brother took their turn in skating and pushing their sisters in sleighs along the smooth ice upon the garden ponds; or, if the weather was favourable, were to be seen on their ponies cantering about the broad grass roads so plentiful in that part of Norfolk, or now and again, as a treat, were allowed to be present with their groom at a covert side or meet of the West Norfolk. Their education about this time was entrusted to Mr. Dalton; but the Prince of Wales's own former tutors, Canons Birch and Tarver, as well as Mr. Onslow (the Duke of Edinburgh's former naval instructor), then Rector of Sandringham, and Canon Duckworth, all appear to have had charge of the boys for shorter or longer periods.

Among the visitors who came to Sandringham annually, two seem to have been special favourites with the children—the Rev. William Rogers, of Bishopsgate, and the late Charles Kingsley. The latter would, of course, interest them much with his fund of marvellous anecdotes and romance of natural history. In his "Life and Letters" special mention is made of two sketches and little notes which Prince George and his brother sent to him when he was lying upon his death-bed at Eversley. They had now attained the age when most boys are sent to school. Many persons expected that they might have gone to Eton or to Wellington College, as the sons of Prince Christian and the Duke of Teck have done subsequently. But as Prince George had

been always destined for the Navy, both Princes, in the summer of 1877 joined the Britannia at Dartmouth as naval cadets. Naturally, their hundred and fifty comrades on board wondered at first what sort of boys the Princes would be. All were surprised at their absolute freedom from the slightest trace of vanity or self-importance, and their unaffected open-heartedness and straightforward simplicity. Prince George quickly became a favourite with the rest of his "term" for his spirit, good nature, and humour. His readiness to obey and to acquire the habits demanded by the service is still a tradition on board the training-ship. His teachers there still remember how keen a desire he showed to get on in his class by dint of real work and application. Mr. Lawless became now his naval instructor for mathematics, and M. Hua his French tutor. Both these gentlemen were already attached to the staff of the Britannia. His instruction he took, of course, in class with the other cadets of his term, and was subject to exactly the same discipline and drill in every way as they were. More than one anxious mother would have been rather nervous if they could have seen him aloft laying out on the yard-arm on a bitter cold morning before breakfast, furling sail with the rest of the watch of his division in the Dapper. Several of the

friendships Prince George made on board the Britannia bid fair to last his lifetime. His present equerry, Sir Charles Cust, belonged to the same term as he did, and they have more than once since been shipmates together. At the end of one summer term the Prince and Princess of Wales came round in the royal yacht Osborne and gave away the prizes; and Prince George's two years of schooling were over. In 1879 he went to sea, in the corvette H.M.S. Bacchante, Captain Lord Charles Scott. In her gun-room he met again several of his Britannia friends who had left the ship before him, while four or five of the senior midshipmen had been drafted into her from the Mediterranean Squadron. Admiral Hornby is said to have remarked at the time that some of his smartest mids had been well selected for this purpose by the Admiralty or by her captain. The Bacchante proceeded first into the Mediterranean and subsequently to the West Indies. The months passed quickly. The life of routine and discipline moulded Prince George as it moulds so many more; his social rank was completely ignored by officers and men, his whole being was merged in that of a middy. Prince George's interest in his boat's crew and in the men of his gun on the maindeck was proverbial. The plain and hard fare, the habits of industry and obedience required from all youngsters, appear to have suited him thoroughly. The Bacchante was in 1880 attached to the training



George, June, 1875.  
For Mr. Dalton.

Photo by  
Hills and Saunders.

AN AUTOGRAPH PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE.

squadron, which consisted of the Inconstant, Tourmaline, Cleopatra, and Carysfort. In company with those four ships she made the cruise round the world which brought the Prince into contact with a constant succession of scenes so new and striking in the tropics and the colonies that their image is never likely to be effaced by a whole lifetime of later experiences. But it is perhaps needless to dwell upon them here at any length, as his own impressions at the time are faithfully registered in the log and diaries which furnished the nucleus of the book that was published by Messrs. Macmillan on his return to England. After her three years' commission the Bacchante was paid off. The period of six months that elapsed before he joined his next ship was utilised for a practical study of French with M. Hua. In his company he proceeded to Lausanne. The greater portion of the time they resided at Beaurivage, but naturally made excursions to various places in Switzerland. In May 1883 Prince George was appointed as middy to the Canada (Captain F. Durrant), and in her he proceeded to the North American station. What short leave of absence the Prince could obtain from his ship he spent in visiting the interior of the Dominion, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, and Niagara. On June 3, 1884, he passed for sub-lieutenant, and obtained a first-class in seamanship. He was now eighteen years old, and it became then necessary that, like other subs., he should come home for a course of further study and examinations at the Naval College at Greenwich, and his boyhood thus came to an end.



THE FUTURE HOME OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.



1. YORK-COTTAGE, SANDRINGHAM, FROM THE LAKE.

4. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, FROM THE LAKE.

2. YORK-COTTAGE.

3. SANDRINGHAM CHURCH.

5. IN SANDRINGHAM WOODS





THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING ST. PAUL'S.



Park House



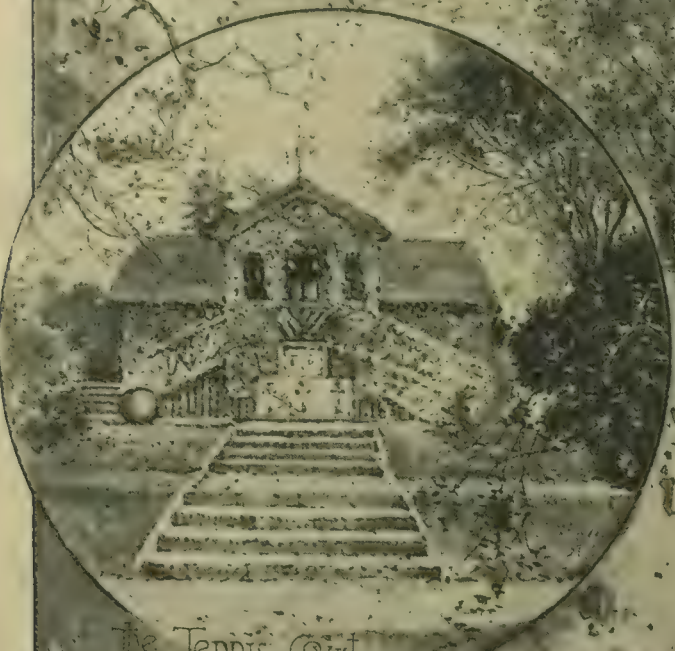
The Folly.



Woodman's Glaze



The Tennis Court  
Summer House



The Rectory.



Old Fincham





ORGAN.

*mf*

Fa - ther of life, con - fess - ing Thy ma - jes - ty and power, We

*p*

seek Thy gra - cious bless - ing, To greet the bri - dal hour: The troth in E - den

*p* *p cres.* *f*

plight - ed The wed - ded here re - new— May they, in Thee u - nit - ed, Till

*pp*

death be pure and true. Je - su, Re - deem - er, hear us! Still be the wed - ding

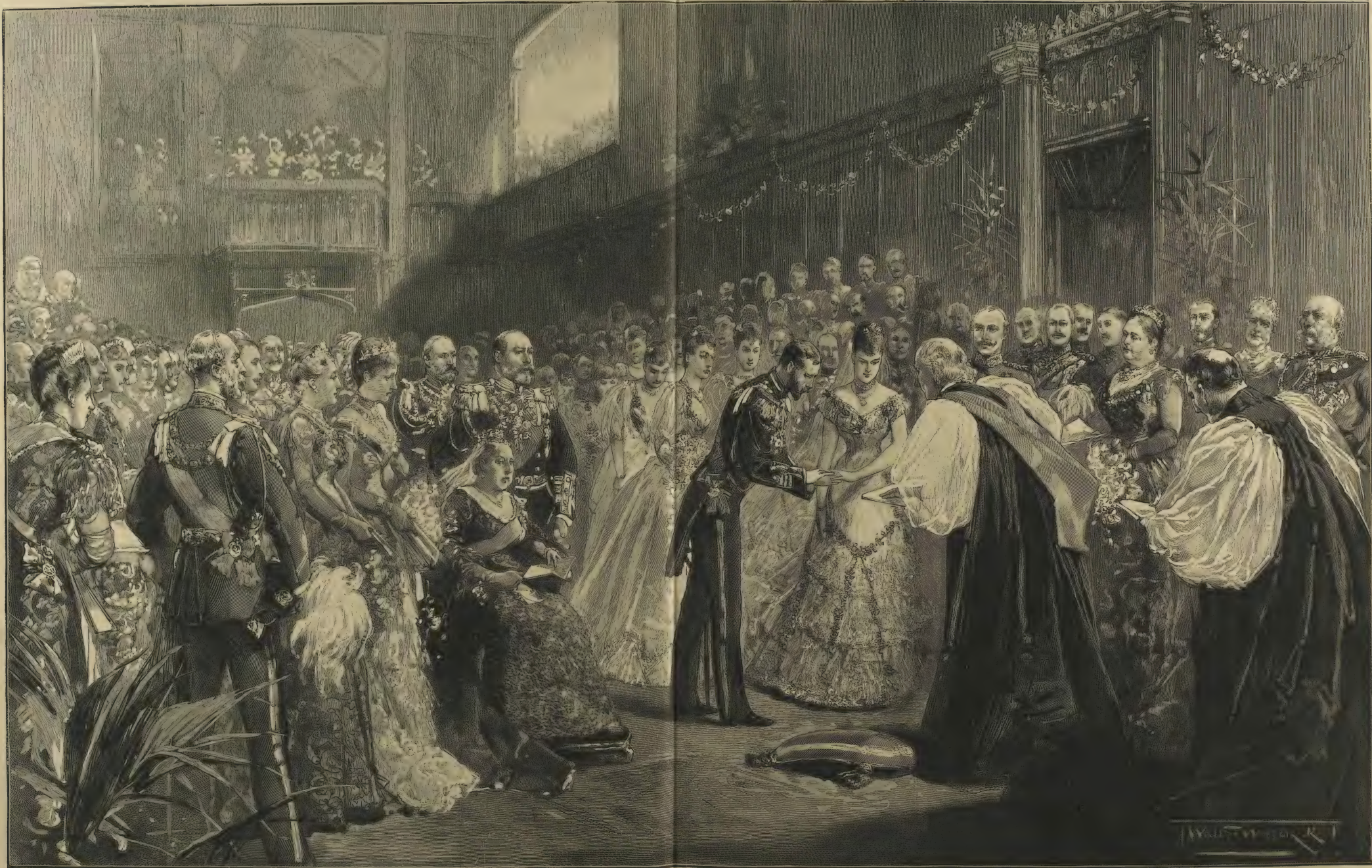
*pp*

Guest; Thy gen - tle pre - sence near us Makes com - mon things more blest. E'en

*p* *cres.*

care shall be a - - - learn - ing. Of bless - ed - ness di - vine, If Thou wilt still be





THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.



turn - ing The wa - ter in - to wine. Spi - rit of love, des - cend - ing, Im -

- part thy joy and peace; These hopes to - ge - ther blend - ing, Bless with Thine own in -

- crease. A - thwart the rough - ened o - cean, Or on the peace - ful tide, Thy

breath, through each e - mo - tion Their heaven-ward course shall guide. The Church, thy Bride, hath

giv - en Her bless - ing on the vow; Oh, ra - ti - fy from hea - ven Her

be - ni - son be - low: Bless, Fa - ther, Son and Spi - rit, The u - nion here be -

- gun, That in the life e - ter - nal It may be ev - er one. A - men.



BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT

Wine Merchants to  
Her Majesty The Queen,  
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales,  
H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh,  
AND  
H.M. The Queen of Spain.



ORIGINALLY  
ESTABLISHED  
A.D. 1667.

# HEDGES & BUTLER,

Wine Merchants, 155, Regent Street, W.

## SHERRY. PER DOZEN.

Golden Sherry	20	24	30	36	42	48
Pale Dry Sherry	30	36	42	48	60	72
Manzanilla	-	-	36	42	48	60
Montilla	-	-	-	42	48	60
Amontillado	-	-	48	54	60	72
Amoroso	-	-	-	72	84	96
Oloroso	-	-	-	72	84	96
Old East India Sherry	48	60	72	84	96	
Old Brown Sherry	48	60	72	84	96	
Paxarette, Vino de Pasto and other Soleras.						

## PORT. PER DOZEN.

Old Port from Wood	24	30	36	48	60	
Old Crusted Port	42	48	60	84	96	
Old Fruity Port	-	48	60	84	96	
Old Dry Port	-	48	60	84	96	
White Port	-	-	48	60	72	
Old Fashioned Port	-	-	-	-	96	
Dry Port, 22 years in Bottle	-	-	-	-	120	
Famed Vintages, 1834, 1858, 1870, 1884.						

## CLARET. PER DOZEN.

Bordeaux	-	-	14	18	20	
St. Julien and Médoc	-	-	24	30	36	
St. Estèphe and St. Emilion	-	-	-	-	36	
La Rose	-	-	-	42	48	
Léoville	-	-	-	48	60	84
Latour	-	-	-	54	60	84
Margaux and Mouton	-	-	-	60	72	84
Château Lafite, Château Margaux, Latour						
Haut Brion, and other Château Wines.						

## WHITE BORDEAUX. PER DOZEN.

Vin-de-Grave	-	20	24	30	36	
Barsac	-	-	-	42	54	
Sauterne	-	-	-	42	48	60
Haut Sauterne	-	-	-	-	72	84
Château d'Yquem	-	-	-	96	108	120

## RED BURGUNDY. PER DOZEN.

Beaune	-	20	24	30	36	
Pommard	-	-	-	36	42	
Volnay	-	-	-	48	60	
Chambertin	-	-	-	60	72	84
Côte Rôtie	-	-	-	60	72	84
Corton	-	-	-	60	72	
Nuits	-	-	-	54	60	
Romanée	-	-	-	60	72	
Richebourg	-	-	-	72	84	
Clos-de-Vougeot	-	72	84	96	120	
Hermitage	-	-	-	60	72	84
Sparkling Red Burgundy				60	84	96

## WHITE BURGUNDY. PER DOZEN.

Chablis & Pouilly	20	24	30	36	42	
Montrachet	-	-	-	48	60	72
St. Péray and Sparkling St. Péray	84					
Sparkling Burgundy	-	72	84	96		

## OLD LANDED CHAMPAGNES. PER DOZEN.

1 Crown Champagne	-	-	48			
2 Très Sec Champagne	-	-	60			
3 Rich Champagne	-	-	60			
4 Private Club	-	-	68			
5 Pale Dry Sillery	-	-	72			
6 Rich Sillery	-	-	72			
7 Extra Dry Champagne	-	-	84			
8 Cuvée exceptionnelle "Brut"	96					

## MELNOTTE ET FILS CHAMPAGNE.

Cellars: Rue des Archers, Epernay.

Extra Sec, Sec or "Brut"  
84/- per dozen bottles  
45/- " " half-bottles  
168/- " " magnums  
Special Cuvée - 120/- per dozen  
Supplied at Her Majesty's State Balls.  
Sole Monopoly of Brand,  
HEDGES & BUTLER.

All Brands of Champagne in Stock.  
Famed Vintages, 1874, 1880, 1884  
and 1889.

## HOCK. PER DOZEN.

Hock	-	20	24	30		
Nierstein & Hattenheim	-	30	36	42		
Geisenheim	-	-	54	60		
Hochheimer	-	48	60	72		
Liebfraumilch	-	-	60	72		
Marcobrunner	-	60	72	84		
Rüdesheim	-	-	54	60		
Rüdesheimer Berg	-	-	72	84		
Scharlachberg	-	54	60	72		
Johannesberg & Steinberg	-	72	84			
Steinberg Cabinet	-	-	120			
Johannesberg Castle	-	144	200			
Assmannshausen, {	-	48	60	72		
A Choice Red Hock }						
Affenthaler	-	-	48	60		
Steinwein in Boxbeutel	-	-	48	60		
Sparkling Hock	-	60	72	84		

## MOSELLE. PER DOZEN.

Still Moselle	-	-	24	30		
Zeltingen	-	-	36	42	48	
Brauneberg & Grünhausen	-	-	48	60		
Berncastler Doctor	-	-	48	60	72	
Muscatel	-	-	-	60	72	
Scharzberg	-	-	-	78	90	
Sparkling Moselle	-	-	60	72	84	
Sparkling Dry Moselle (Reserve Cuvée)	-	-	-	-	96	

## VARIOUS. PER DOZEN.

Madeira	-	36	48	60	72	
East India Madeira	-	-	-	84	96	
Malmsey Madeira (in bottles)	-	-	-	60	72	
Bucellas	-	-	-	-	42	
Rich and Dry Lisbon	-	-	-	-	42	
Rich and Dry } Marsala	-	20	24	30	36	
Mountain and Malaga	-	-	-	60	72	
Vidonia, Teneriffe and Cal-						
cavella	-	-	-	42	48	
Rota Tent	-	-	-	42	48	
Hungarian	-	-	-	30	36	
Roussillon	-	-	-	48	60	
Vermuth	-	-	-	36	48	
Lachrymæ Christi and Mal-						
vasia	-	-	-	72	84	
Tarragona and Catalan	-	-	-	24	30	
Sack, Malmsey, Frontignan, Con-						
stantia, Lunel, Muscat-de-Rivesaltes,						
Italian and other Wines.						

## SPIRITS. PER DOZEN.

Pale Cognac Brandy	-	48	60	72		
Champagne Brandy	-	-	-	84	96	
Liqueur Brandy, 1858	-	-	-	-	120	
Liqueur Brandy, 1842	-	-	-	-	240	
Brown Cognac	-	60	72	84		
White Brandy	-	-	-	-	84	
Scotch } - 42		48	54	60	72	
Whiskey }						
Extra Special Scotch	-	60	72	120		
Irish } - 42		48	54	60	72	
Whiskey }						
Extra Special Irish	-	60	72	120		
American Bourbon Whiskey	-	-	-	54		
Jamaica Rum	-	42	48	60		
White Rum	-	-	-	-	60	
Sweet and Dry Gin	-	-	-	30	36	
Schiedam Hollands	-	-	-	-	36	

**HEDGES & BUTLER,**  
LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND BOURNEMOUTH.



# CHAPPELL & CO.'S

## NEW UPRIGHT GRAND PIANOFORTE.

STYLE IV.

Iron Frame,  
Metal Pin Plate,  
Full Trichord,  
Under Dampers,



Check Action,  
Rosewood, 50 Gs.  
Ebonised, 52 Gs.  
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HEIGHT, 4 ft. 2 in.

This Instrument has been pronounced by the most Eminent Musicians to be equal in VOLUME of TONE, DELICACY of TOUCH, and SOSTENUTO or SINGING CAPACITY to the best small Horizontal Grands.

**YACHT PIANOS,  
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Fine Brilliants and Oriental Pearls, £10.



Diamonds, £6 6s.

FOR WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.



Fine Brilliant Bracelet, £30.



Brilliant "Rising Sun" Brooch or Hair Ornament, £85.

FOR WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

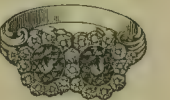


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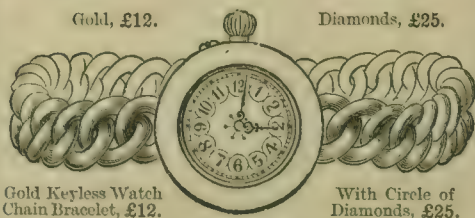
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Gold, £12.

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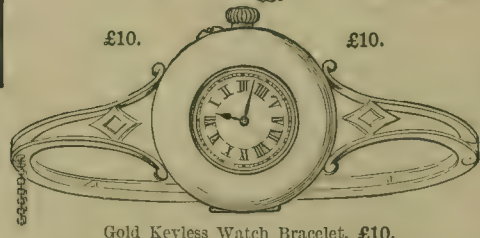
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Sapphires and Brilliant, £28.



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£10.

£10.

Gold Keyless Watch Bracelet, £10.



Brilliant Antique Brooch, £20.

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In 18 ct. Gold Cases,

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### LADY'S "SPECIAL MAKE" KEYLESS LEVER WATCH

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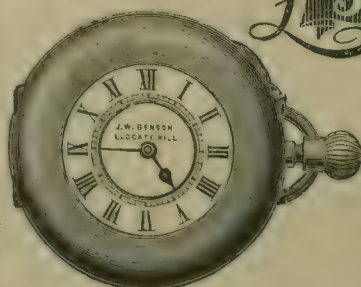


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**PRICE £10, OR IN SILVER CASES, £5.**

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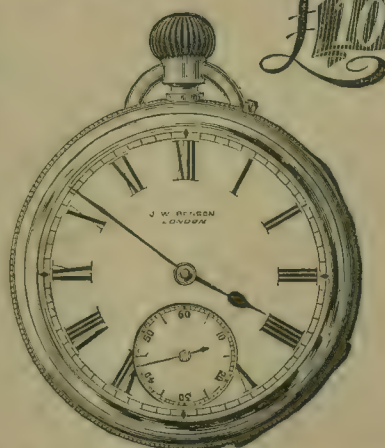
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No. 1.

1/- a lb.

Of excellent quality.

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Thoroughly good Tea.

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are a few examples—																
ft. in.		ft. in.		£ s. d.		ft. in.		ft. in.		£ s. d.						
10	7	by	7 4	.....	5	0	0	.....	12	3	by	9 2	.....	7	0	0
10	10	by	8 1	.....	5	10	0	.....	13	7	by	11 3	.....	9	15	0
11	7	by	7 11	.....	5	6	9	.....	14	5	by	10 7	.....	8	18	0
11	1	by	9 5	.....	6	10	0	.....	14	5	by	10 10	.....	9	15	0

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ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.
12	6 by 9	0 ..... 3 12 6	12	6 by 10	0 ..... 5 4 0
12	0 by 9	0 ..... 4 2 6	12	0 by 11	0 ..... 5 2 0
13	6 by 9	0 ..... 4 12 6	13	0 by 11	0 ..... 5 10 0
11	0 by 10	0 ..... 4 5 0	14	0 by 11	0 ..... 5 18 0
12	0 by 10	0 ..... 4 12 6	15	0 by 11	0 ..... 6 7 6

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# Teck and its Dukes

By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

IN the palace garden at Stuttgart is a beautiful and touching group of statuary by Müller, that represents an incident in the history of Würtemberg of which every Swabian may be proud. Towards the close of the fifteenth century Eberhart "with the Beard" was Count of Würtemberg. One evening at a great banquet of German dukes, each of the princes boasted of his land—Saxony of his mines, the Palatine of his vineyards, one of his rich cities, another of his fighting men. Then said Count Eberhart: "And I, of my land, can say but this: there is not a Swabian shepherd on whose lap, when weary, I may not lay my head and sleep in peace, knowing that he would die ere the least harm should come to me."

Then shouted loud the princes,  
Till rang the roof and wall,  
"This bearded count is richest:  
His lands bear best of all."

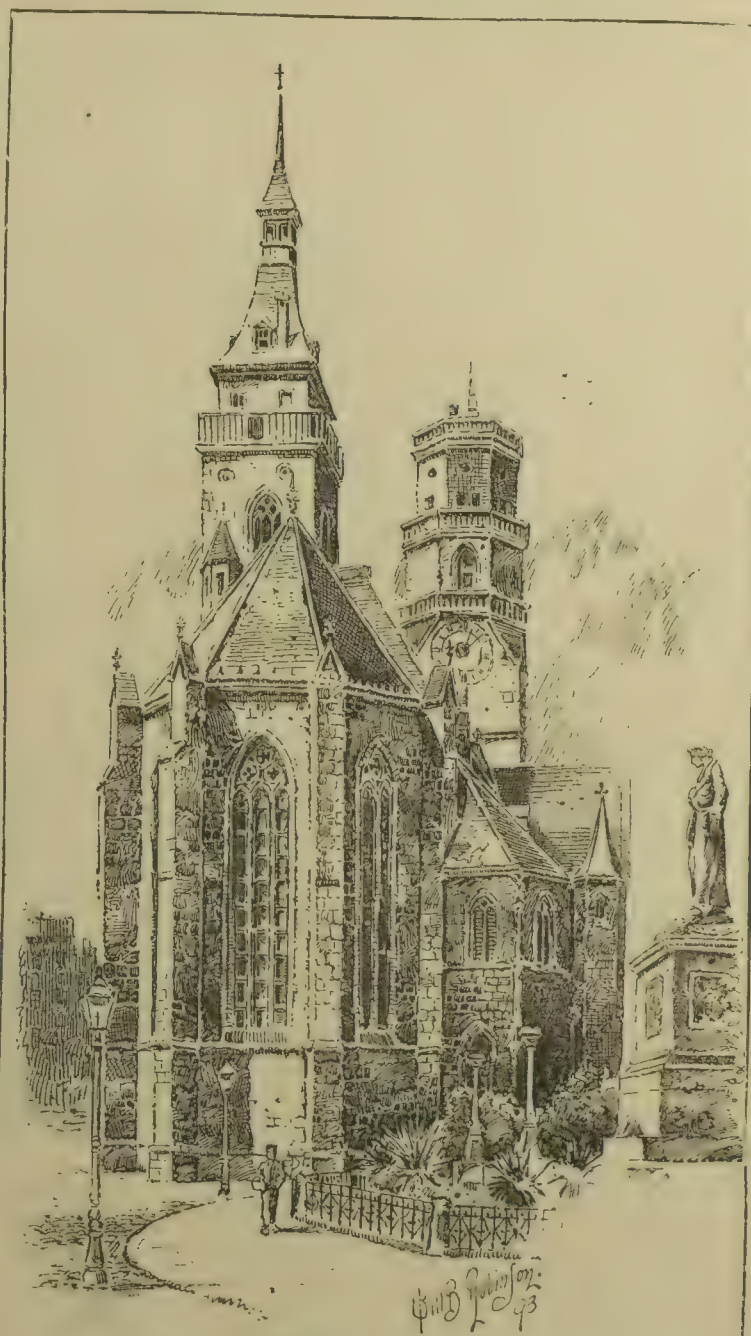
But they had forgotten one thing: it was the justice, the humanity, the greatness of soul, of Count Eberhart that had won for him the passionate love of his people, and made his name one for ever dear to the Swabian heart. Soon afterwards, on July 21, 1495, the Emperor Maximilian, unsolicited, gave to Eberhart the title and insignia of Duke, the cap, the mantle, and the sword, and with them granted him the arms of the Duchy of Teck, and created him and his descendants, in the male line, hereditary grand banner-bearers in the realm. The

and four wide, connected with the main mass of limestone upland region by a narrow neck a quarter of a mile across. This neck has been cut through and defended by deep trenches and high walls. On this peninsula from time to time the plough turns up "rainbow gold" as well as bronze and flint weapons. The "rainbow gold" consists of small gold coins depressed in the middle like little saucers, and rudely stamped with figures. The objects found on this Erkenbrechweiler plateau tell a tale. They tell us that this was a great place of refuge for a primeval people, who in time of war fled to it with their flocks and herds and treasures. There was no castle here—the whole level plateau was a place of safety for a whole people. On the right and on the left of this peninsula open two valleys: on the right that of Urach, on the left, that of the Lauter. Above each towers a mighty castle—Hohen-Urach in the first, Teck in the second—and these also tell a tale. They tell us of a complete revulsion in the social and political condition of the inhabitants. They tell us of a



lands of the Duchy of Teck had for long been in the possession of his ancestors. The first Dukes of Teck had died out completely in poverty and powerlessness, without possessing an acre of their hereditary estates; that had all, together with their capital, Kirchheim, and their stately castle of Teck, passed into the possession of the Counts of Würtemberg.

There runs from north-east to south-west through Swabia a chain of mountains, or, to be more correct, of upland plateau, canted from south to north, which goes by the name of the Alb. It is of limestone. About the centre of this chain a singular peninsula projects into the plain, the sides perpendicular, forming a plateau some six miles long



STUTTGART CHURCH,  
THE BURIAL PLACE OF THE DUKES OF WÜRTEMBERG AND TECK.





MARKET-PLACE, STUTTGART.

conquering race having come in, crushing the primeval inhabitants, and of their planting themselves on all the high points, from which they could look down on and hold in bondage the people they had subdued. That conquering race was the Swabian, fair-haired and blue-eyed—a German race. Very early indeed there were Counts of Teck on the lofty rock where they had made their nest, and they took as their own all the land up and down the valley and far away into the plain to the river Neckar. At the same time, in the parallel valley there was another noble race who had built their nest on the rock of Urach. Thenceforth there was rivalry between the Lords of Teck and the Lords of Urach that never was quenched till the latter had consumed the former's land and castle and towns.

As we have told a story of Count Eberhart, we may tell one of his grandmother, the heiress of Montbelliard, who was regent during the minority of her son, after the death of her husband. The Hohenzollern Count Frederick had been counsellor to the late Count of Würtemberg, but on his death in 1417 he broke off his relations to the family. The Countess Henriette bade him return to his office, and, when he refused, sent him the warning, "Beware! I will eat you up, land and castle and life." "Let her try it!" said the Hohenzollern, contemptuously. The Countess collected troops and invaded his territories and occupied them. "Ha!" said Frederick; "she has eaten my land." Presently she took the castle by storm, and set fire to it, while she conveyed the defiant Count away in chains to Urach. "Ha!" said he, looking back at his burning house, "she has eaten my castle." For ten years he was confined in the fortress of Urach, and when, finally, after the Countess had resigned the reins to her son, he was released, Frederick went forth a grey-haired man. Then, after a visit to the ashes of his ancient heritage, he started on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. But long captivity had exhausted his powers, and hardly had he reached the Holy Land before they failed. On the way to Jerusalem he died in the arms of a trusty squire, saying, "She has kept her word—she has eaten me up, lands and castle, and now my life."

Bit by bit the Duchy of Teck was lost. In 1359 the Dukes sold half of the castle of Teck and half of Kirchheim, their capital, to the Counts of Würtemberg, and in 1331 the other half of both was similarly disposed of. The last of the old stock of Dukes of Teck died in the fifteenth century—one as a doctor of theology and one as a bishop who could not get possession of his see. The whole of the duchy was in the hands of the Counts of Würtemberg, but they did not bear the title or the arms till granted both by the Emperor in 1495. Thenceforth, Teck, lands, arms, and title, has belonged to the Würtemberg family. In 1805, Frederick, Duke of Würtemberg and of Teck, was created King of Würtemberg. His next brother was Ludwig, born in 1756, who married, first, Marie Anna, daughter of Prince Czartoryski, and had by her a son, Adam, who died in 1847, without having been married. Marie Anna was divorced in 1792; then Duke Ludwig married Henriette, daughter of Prince Charles of Nassau-Weilburg, and by her he had a son, Alexander, who entered the Austrian service and became a general of cavalry, and married, in 1835, the Countess Claudine of

Rheday de Kis-Rhède, created by the Emperor of Austria Countess of Hohenstein in her own right. They had issue Francis, born 1837, to whom the title of Duke of Teck was granted, and his sisters were created Princesses of Teck. The title dates from the eleventh century. The first Duke known to history died in 1078. That race expired in 1432. Then, as already said, the Emperor Maximilian created the Count Eberhart of Würtemberg Duke of Teck in 1495, and the title has remained in the Würtemberg family ever since.

Let us now return for a while to this Count Eberhart, the first Duke of Würtemberg and of Teck, for he was a most remarkable man, who summed in himself the virtues and abilities of a race second only—if

second—in great and good men to that of Hohenzollern, which derives from the same Swabian mountain region. There can be little question that the ruling power is given by nature to certain stocks: the gift of being princely, of managing men, goes with certain families, and it has gone for generations with that of Würtemberg and with that of Hohenzollern. The fortunes of the latter have been more



The Old Church  
at Kirchheim.  
with structure purposedly  
built for stork's nest.

[Continued on page 83.]



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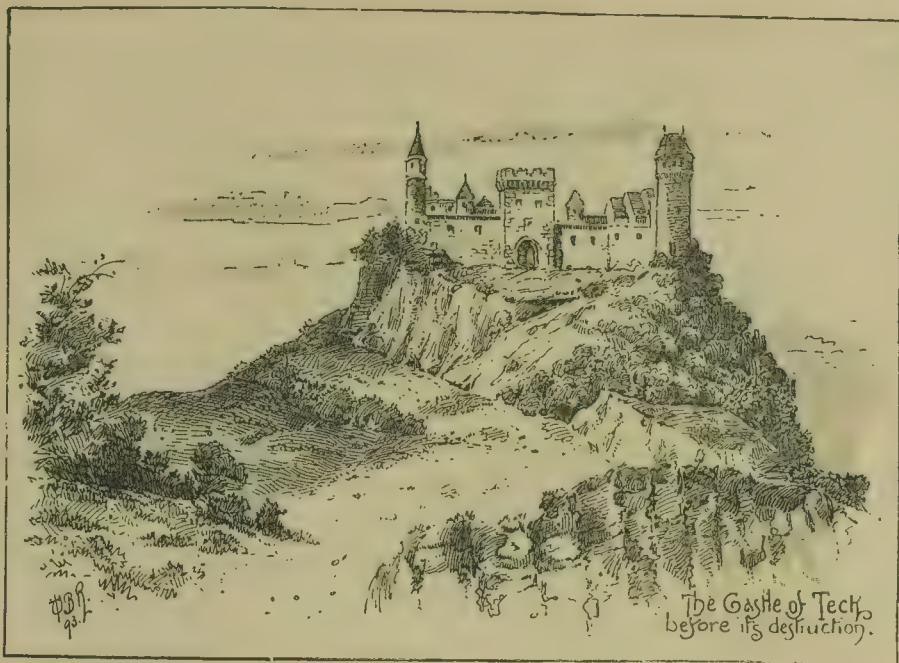
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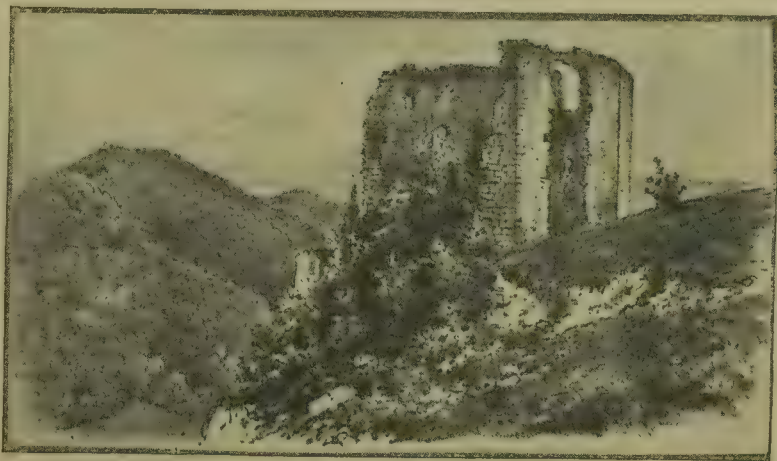




The Castle of Teck before its destruction.

brilliant than those of the former, but though the house of Hohen-zollern has produced great men, it may well be doubted whether it has given to the world greater men than has that of Württemberg. Eberhart-with-the-Beard, first Duke of Württemberg and of Teck of the new creation, spent somewhat wild youth, but was suddenly brought to a better mind after a visit to the little Carthusian monastery of Güterstein, hard by his castle of Hohen-Urach, in which he had been born. In the monastery church lay his father and mother. The old prior exercised an extraordinary influence for good over him, and completely turned the young man from idleness and frivolity to a sense of his duties and devotion to them. Here, kneeling at the altar in 1468, he received the benediction of the prior before departing on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Before he left he had made his will, and taken every precaution for the maintenance of order in his territories till his return, and for arranging the succession in the event of his death. In six months he returned, bringing with him, in his cap, a twig of whitethorn he had plucked in Jerusalem, and this he planted in his garden, where it grew to be a goodly tree. In remembrance of his pilgrimage, he adopted a palm as his badge, and this appears with his coat-of-arms on his monument and on his seals. He married Barbara of Mantua, a beautiful woman, and as good as she was beautiful. An old chronicler commends her as "the most admirable and domestic of women, who could eat bacon and beans along with her subjects." No man did more to consolidate the possessions of the House of Württemberg, to elevate the Swabian duchy into eminence, and to provide for the well-government and prosperity of his country; and probably no prince was ever more sincerely regretted. Before he died, he issued orders that in every church in his land the preacher should declare that the Duke asked forgiveness of any man whom he had wronged unintentionally; intentionally he had wronged none.

Let us now look at the land of Teck itself. The plateau of Erkenbrechweiler, that was a primitive stronghold of the original population, has already been spoken of. Here and about it some singular customs survive. One of these regards burials. At an interment it is usual for those who form the funeral procession to address the deceased and encourage him to accept what is being done for him, to laud him and flatter him, and cajole him not to take it ill that he is being committed to the ground, and, above all, to lie quiet after he is buried. At a wedding, the bride has to visit, along with her party, the houses of her godparents and kinsfolk in order, at each of which dancing and drinking and feasting take place. The peasants are a short, dark race, with only occasionally fair hair and blue eyes,



CASTLE OF A FEUDAL LORD UNDER THE DUKES OF TECK.

and they wear the old Swabian costume. In the Catholic districts of the Alb the women have blue petticoats, and the men stockings of the same colour. The men wear on Sundays and holidays scarlet waistcoats or long black coats lined with scarlet. Sometimes there may be seen an old peasant with a three-cornered hat. No quarter of Germany, complained a writer fifty years ago, was so unvisited, so neglected as the Alb—this mountain Swabian region—and the same complaint might be well made now. Travellers whirl along the line that is cut through the Alb to Ulm, they hurry to the Swiss Oberland or to the Tyrolean mountains, and give not a thought to the district through which they pass, and which modestly does not expose its beauties to the travellers in the railway-carriages. These beauties must be sought—they do not obtrude themselves. Beauty is there. If the visitor expects glaciers and Alpine elevations, he will be disappointed; if he looks for castles like Heidelberg or those on the Rhine, he will not find them so great and so splendid in the Alb; but if he can be content with limestone crags, with wooded valleys, with glittering streams, with crumbling castles growing out of pinnacles of rock, and with very beautiful churches and very picturesque towns, as also with a quaint peasantry, he will find all this in the Swabian Alb and in the country of Teck.

There is, moreover, a very remarkable difference between the plateau of the Alb and its valleys. Above, all is bleak, treeless, white, barren, and waterless; below, luxuriance is great. The land in the



NEW LOOK-OUT TOWER ON TECK.

bottoms of the valleys is extraordinarily productive and well watered, and the hill-scarps are clothed with beech woods, where not absolutely precipitous. Every jutting crag is crowned with a castle that was the residence of some feudal vassal of the Dukes of Teck or the Counts Urach and Württemberg. Moreover, the entire region is honeycombed with caverns. In fact, the whole elevated tableland is a limestone sponge. In all the abrupt cliffs are tunnels penetrating far into the bowels of the rock. On the top are hollows—*tritchen* are what they are locally called—wells down which sinks all the water that falls on the surface, and which gathers somewhere, no one knows where, in the interior, and issues again in some of the many rivers that burst out at the foot of the mountains. Stories are told of geese waddling into a *tritchen* and disappearing in the abysses, to reappear, quacking and fluttering their wings, miles away, from a river source in one of the valleys. But such tales are not well authenticated. On the plateau water is most scarce; the rain is at once absorbed, consequently the dwellers on the Alb have been accustomed to form reservoirs lined with clay to catch all the drainage of the land after a shower and the water from their thatched roofs. As a good deal of the drainage of their dung-heaps flows in likewise, it may well be conceived that the



water is neither tasteless nor wholesome. Moreover, it is insufficient. In summer, trains of oxen with carts and barrels have to descend into the valleys and reascend, drawing water for miles and up many hundreds of feet. In 1866 a Herr Ehmann, of Stuttgart, formed the scheme of raising water by turbine wheels to the top of the Alb, so as to supply the peasants



there with the precious liquid, pure and copious, and perpetually flowing. His proposal, instead of being welcomed, roused the greatest mistrust and angry opposition. It was not till the King had personally intervened, and had urged the adoption of the scheme, that grudgingly and hesitatingly the inhabitants of three villages yielded their consent to having the experiment made with them. The works were begun in 1870, and on Feb. 17, 1871, the water, limpid as crystal and abundant as could be desired, flowed in the fountains in the midst of the three villages. Great was the amazement of the dwellers on the Alb! They flocked from all quarters to see the flowing streams; they cautiously tasted, and, after demur, admitted that it might, on the whole, be regarded as a substitute for the essence of mouldy thatch and dungheap to which they had been accustomed. That was a date not to be forgotten—a date that marked an epoch in the Alb. Thenceforth typhoid and diphtheria were routed, and with them stubborn prejudice was dealt its death-blow. Now the use of the turbine is advancing, and before long every village and hamlet in the Alb will be supplied with limpid water.

The Alb is supposed to derive its name from its whiteness, and so to be akin to Albion—the name given to Britain from its chalk cliffs. The surface of the Alb glistens with the white limestones that are turned up by every plough, and which, in the opinion of the inhabitants, grow as fast as does corn. The real reason of the continual rising of fresh white stones to the surface is the steady disintegration of the rock through the rain-water, impregnated with carbonic acid, that percolates through the thin soil. Year by year, century by century, the stones are gathered out of the fields, and are heaped up in walls and cairns. The soil, though thin and parched, grows good corn. It, however, yields nowhere pasture favourable to cattle, though its grey moors nourish sheep well enough. As already said, in striking contrast to the heights of the Alb are the valleys, that are veritable orchards of plum, pear, apple, and cherry trees. Above, on the Alb, the cottages are all thatched; below, in the valleys, all tiled. The fruit forms a staple product of the lowland: from the cherries kirschwasser is distilled, and the plums and pears are dried in the sun. Vines also

grow on the slopes, especially on the volcanic cones that rise out of the plain and at the margin of the Alb chain; but the wine is thin. The red is of a pale hue, and the red and white equally sour and flavourless. There can be small question that both red and white are strongly adulterated with cider.

The cone of Teck, that dominates the plain and the valley of the Lauter to its junction with the Neckar, rises to the height of 2698 ft. Four miles to the north in the plain is Kirchheim, the ancient capital of Teck, where the princes of Teck had a residence and minted their money; where they lived when tired of the windy altitude of the castle. Of this residence scanty fragments remain, but a palace was built there in 1538 by Duke Ulrich of Württemberg and Teck, and completed in 1556. It is flanked by two three-storeyed round towers, and has its own chapel and a terrace commanding a beautiful view of the chain of the Alb and the soaring peak of Teck in the midst. Formerly in the cellars was preserved a silver boat called the Bonaventura, with sails and cordage, and captain and crew on deck, all of silver. Everyone who set foot in the palace for the first time was required to drink at a draught the shipload of wine to the good luck of the Dukes of Teck. The Bonaventura has long since sailed into the smelting-pot, and has been coined into florins. It is as well for the visitor, for a long pull at Kirchheimer wine would upset his inner well-being. Before the Reformation there was not only the parish church of St. Martin in the town, but also another connected with a large convent. In this were buried four Dukes of Teck and their Duchesses. The church was destroyed, probably, in the 'Thirty Years' War, and the monuments have not been preserved. In 1818, when an asparagus-garden was being made on the site of this church, some tombs were found and opened, but, unfortunately, were again buried without being subjected to examination.

Immediately under the Castle of Teck is the little town of Owen, deriving its name from *Auen*—meadows—in the midst of which it lies. This also was a walled place, and a subsidiary capital of the district to which the Dukes of Teck of the first creation retired when they had been constrained to part with Kirchheim. There also they had a "town-house," but of this nothing remains to attract interest; it has been effectually modernised and converted into a townhall. The walls and towers of Owen have been destroyed, and all that remains of the ancient town is the beautiful church, with its lantern-like lofty choir. The tower is modern above the level of the church roof, but below belongs to an earlier church. In the choir is the monument to the Dukes of Teck, now converted into the altar and incased in painted and carved boards. The top slab is, however, provided with hinges, and can be turned back or taken off to expose the sculpture on the tomb. It represents the helmet, crest, and shield of the Tecks in bold sculpture of the thirteenth century. The arms are lozenges sable and or, and the crest a parrot's or eagle's head—it is not clear which—dressed in the livery of the Tecks, that expands and forms the mantling of the shield. The vault over which this tomb stood was opened in the sixteenth century. Thirteen Dukes of Teck were buried here, but all had fallen to dust save four, whose bones and skulls remained. One of these had a bullet-hole in the



SWABIAN PEASANTS.

skull. It was that of Conrad III., Duke of Teck, who was murdered in 1348 at Munich. In the church is found a date on a corbel, 1586, which, however, cannot represent the date of the erection of the church: the nave belongs to the twelfth century and the choir to the fourteenth. It probably marks a period of restoration. More recently the entire church has been carefully and judiciously restored by the

(Continued on page 38.)



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No lady who values her COMPLEXION should ever be without it, as it is invaluable at all seasons of the year for keeping the SKIN SOFT and BLOOMING.

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"BEETHAM'S" IS THE ONLY GENUINE.

It is perfectly Harmless, and may be applied to the Skin of the Tenderest Infant.

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Can you cut new bread—really new—into thin slices?  
No; you cannot, with an ordinary knife;

BUT WITH THAT WONDERFUL

## CHRISTY BREAD KNIFE



THE WONDERFUL CHRISTY BREAD KNIFE  
UNDER ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

it is easier than cutting stale bread with any other knife. It is not a machine, but a knife, and it is sharpened like any other knife, only not a quarter so often. Send Two Shillings and Sixpence deposit, and try one. If you feel that you can ever do without it, send it back, and the full amount will be returned, without any deduction. If you do not want to part with it, keep it, and tell your acquaintances.

DOESN'T LOOK as if it would cut bread? No? But it will, and make no crumbs.

It is equally good for new bread, stale bread, and cake—namely, indispensable. The Christy Bread Knife is the only knife made that will cut bread perfectly. It is far superior to a smooth-edged knife in every respect. To slice bread thin for making sandwiches it is perfection; you can cut thin slices just as well as you can thick ones.

Size, 14 inches by 1½ inches. Made of Finest Steel. PRICE 2s. 6d. BY POST. Send for Illustrated List of Christy Knives.

CHRISTY KNIFE COMPANY, 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.





AFTERNOON TEA AT WHITE LODGE.



King of Württemberg, as Duke of Teck. It contains very fine heraldic monuments in the apse of the family of Schilling of Cannstadt, hereditary butlers to the Dukes of Swabia: they held one of the castles in the valley, and were feudal vassals of the Dukes of Teck.

The mountain cone of Teck that shoots aloft above the little town of Owen consists of limestone buttressed up on volcanic tufa and basalt, that breaks out on both sides of it. The whole summit is clothed in beech woods, except where the limestone forms precipices and where no tree can root itself. Access to the castle was obtained on one side alone. With great pains the Lords of Teck had hewn through the neck that connected the crowning peak with the ridge, so as to make it accessible only by means of a drawbridge. The moat has been filled by ruins fallen from the walls and entrance gateway, and very little save the substructure of the castle remains. In the eighteenth century one of the Dukes of Württemberg and Teck conceived the strange idea of converting the castle and hill into a great fortress, and for months employed men to pull down the old towers; and for their accommodation out of the ruins a barrack was erected in the castle court. This

barrack remained until two years ago, when it also was destroyed, and out of its stones an absurd and ugly watch-tower was erected, from which an extensive view is to be obtained, and adjoining this a *Wirthschaft*, a place whence ale and wine and refreshments may be obtained by thirsty and weary visitors.

But if the Castle of Teck be a poor ruin of what was once a splendid stronghold, this is not the case with another castle easily reached from it in the adjoining valley on the left—the lovely valley of the Lindach, that belonged to a family long at rivalry with the Dukes of Württemberg and Teck—the Counts of Helfenstein. This castle, Riessenstein, is singularly perfect, and consists of walls standing some 80 ft. above the rock. Till recently it was possible to enter this castle by one way only, by crawling through a cave that extended through the bowels of the rock on which stands the castle into the courtyard itself. Recently a bridge of wood has been thrown across the gulf from one rock to another, and the ruin can be explored without difficulty.

Moreover, in the Urach Valley, on the right, is the cradle castle of Hohen-Urach, as well as the residence of the Dukes in the little town below, both in very

tolerable condition. The castle on the height is, indeed, a ruin, but one in far better condition than Teck, and the residence of the Dukes in the town contains much of interest—paintings, tapestries, sculpture, and armour. In the great hall stands a wooden carved representation of a monstrous wild boar killed by Duke Ulrich in 1507. Here also is an interesting feature of a different sort—a natural vault, to which the visitor descends to find a subterranean waterfall.

Urach possesses linen factories, and the story told of the introduction of the industry is curious. Frederick, Duke of Württemberg and Teck, sought the Order of the Garter from James I. of England. He learned that in order to receive it he must first be enrolled in one of the London companies. He chose that of the Weavers, and took the matter so to heart that he believed himself to be morally obliged to become a weaver. Accordingly, he imported weavers, and set up an establishment under the shelter of his palace at Urach, and that, so says the legend, was the origin of the industry still flourishing and employing much labour in the place. At Urach and also in the Lindach Valley are fine waterfalls—not, of course, to be compared with

## GIFTS FOR BAZAARS.

May be obtained from Ladies' Outfitters, Drapers, and Chemists throughout the world, in packets of one dozen. Size 1, 1/-; Size 2, 1/6; Sizes 3 and 4 (differing in shape), 2/-; also Post Free from the Lady Manager for 1/3, 1/9, and 2/3.

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CHEAPEST.

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INVALIDS,  
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A beautiful Doulton-ware PEPSALIA Cellar sent post free for 2/-.

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## TABLE

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Unique Testimonial  
FROM  
HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY  
The Empress of Germany.

Berlin, June 14. April 1873

Dem Herrn Mellicr wird unser persönlicher  
Auftrag, daß sein Kindererziehungsmittel  
"Food" bei den jungen Prinzen, Vikar  
der Kaiserin der Kaiserin und der Kaiserin  
mit bestem Erfolg angewendet worden ist  
Das Kabinett Ihrer Majestät der Kaiserin und Königin



TRANSLATION.

BERLIN, April 14th, 1893.

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*The Cabinet of Her Majesty the Empress and Queen.*

*Samples of this FOOD will be sent post free on application to*  
**MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.**



the Staubach or the Giesbach, but very beautiful nevertheless. Why should we always demand what is colossal before we yield our admiration?

But this Alb district and the region of Teck and Urach are hardly to be surpassed—except, perhaps, by the Franconian Jura—in its wealth of stalagmite grottoes. They are more numerous than can be reckoned. They are of great extent, though few have been thoroughly explored. There can be no question but that, if explored, they would yield rich harvests not only of the remains of extinct animals, but also of bone and flint weapons of the primeval inhabitants of the land.

He who has never visited Teck and the Alb has a pleasure in store, and we can wish no one a brighter or happier excursion than a spring or summer visit to this neglected land. One hope we may entertain, that the marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of York and Princess May of Teck will call attention to this fair and charming region, and that the old lament of the geographer that it is the least frequented land in all South Germany may be a lament of the past, no more to be made again.

## WEDDING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK.

It was in the parish church of Kew, on June 12, 1866, that Princess Mary Adelaide of Cambridge, then in the thirty-third year of her age, married Francis Paul Charles Louis Alexander, Prince of Teck, younger than herself by nearly four years. The Queen, preceded by the Prince and Princess of Wales, arrived at Kew from Windsor before noon. The pews had been removed from the middle of the church, which was carpeted, and seats, covered with crimson silk and gold lace, were placed at the sides. Around the communion table and the pulpit were velvet hangings fringed with gold; a garland of flowers was suspended from above. Besides members of the English Royal Family, the Crown Prince of Denmark and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg were present. Her Majesty, attired in mourning, was escorted by the Duke of Cambridge, the bride's brother, to a chair on the north side of the altar. Her daughters sat beside her, while the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other Princes and Princesses, sat opposite.

There was no procession into the church. The bridegroom, Prince Teck, wearing a blue coat, with a white rose in his button-hole, walked in with Count Apponyi, the Austrian Ambassador. The choir, accompanied by the organ, sang Keble's marriage hymn, "How welcome was the call!" Then Princess Mary, dressed in white satin trimmed with Honiton lace and orange-blossoms, with a coronet of diamonds, a wreath of flowers, a Brussels lace veil, diamond necklace and earrings, came in leaning on her brother's arm. She carried a bouquet of orchids, ferns, and orange-blossoms. Her four bridesmaids, Lady Cornelia Churchill, Lady Georgiana Hamilton, Lady Agneta Yorke, and Lady Cecilia Molyneux, in white trimmed with blue, walked behind the Princess. Bridegroom and bride stood at the altar. The Archbishop of Canterbury commenced reading the service, with its prayers and exhortations, followed by the Bishop of Winchester in conclusion. The Queen stood beside the bride when the Duke of Cambridge "gave her away." The service ended with the chanting of the 67th Psalm.

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Do not be poisoned by using  
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SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.

Most Delicious, Nutritious &  
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TINS 2/6. Half-Tins (Samples), 1/6.

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FOR DELICATE CHILDREN.

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